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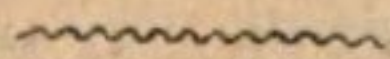
A SELECTION
FROM THE
POEMS
OF HIS MAJESTY
LOUIS THE FIRST,

King of Babaria :

IMITATED IN ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

GEORGE EVERILL.



LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL,
BOOKSELLERS TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

1837.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
MAXIMILIAN,
CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA,
THIS ATTEMPT
TO RENDER INTO ENGLISH VERSE,
SOME OF THE EFFORTS OF THE GENIUS OF HIS
ROYAL FATHER,
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,
WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S EXPRESS PERMISSION,
BY HIS MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,
GEORGE EVERILL.

THE HISTORY OF

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE PRESENT

BY

JOHN G. BARNES

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P R E F A C E.

THE contents of the present Volume have been selected from an entire Translation of the second enlarged edition of the Poems of the King of Bavaria, published in two volumes at Munich,^a in 1829. Those pieces have been, of course, preferred, which were the most likely to afford gratification to the English reader ; and, upon the same principle, the measure of the original has been only occasionally retained. As hexameter verse without rhyme, however, is not well adapted to the language of Britain, the rhyming heroic couplet has been substituted for it in the series of feeling Elegies on the ruins of Roman greatness, which

^a *Gedichte des Königs Ludwig von Bayern. Zweyte Vermehrte Auflage. München, 1829. 8vo.*

form that portion of the work entitled “Reminiscences of Italy.”

It will be found that whilst the Royal Author of these Poems is not deficient in the exalted enthusiasm of his country, he has almost entirely disregarded the romantic features which so remarkably characterise the Literature of Germany. His feelings, on the contrary, appear to have always led him to the selection of such subjects as were more immediately connected with his own affections and interests, individual and social. His Poems may therefore be traced from his palace, his family, and his friends,—to Germany, under the invasion and depression of the French; to Italy, fallen from her Roman glory; to Greece, beneath the tyranny of the Turks; and to the political prospects of the whole of Europe.^a The Poems also exhibit a keen sense and vivid description of the beauties of

^a In the *Deutscher Musen Almanach für das Jahr 1834*, is another Poem by the King of Bavaria, on Europe at the Commencement of 1830; a translation of which in verse will be found in *The Foreign Quarterly Review* for October, 1833. Vol. xii., No. 24, p. 522.

Nature and Art which the Author visited in his various tours,^a both in his own country and in various parts of Europe; nor has he forgotten to celebrate the emotions of an ardent affection, his sensitive taste for works of Art, both ancient and modern,^b the renown of his countrymen, the ravages of his nation's enemies, or the worth and virtue of his own friends.

In rendering into another language so great a variety of subjects, as powerfully expressed as many

^a The second volume of the King of Bavaria's Poems concludes with three hundred and sixty-five epigrammatic Disticha, on the ruins, appearance, and manners and customs, of modern Rome, written in hexameter verse without rhyme, composed for the most part in the city itself, during the years 1820 and 1821. It is particularly difficult to convey the point of these pieces in the same space in English verse; as they possess considerable resemblance to the quaint satirical couplets of Donne and Bishop Hall in the seventeenth century in England, and frequently depend upon the double meaning of a single word.

^b The verses addressed To Artists, with which this volume commences, were published, richly decorated, on the first two plates of the capricious and elegant marginal designs of Eugene Neureuther, in his *Randzeichnungen zu den Dichtungen der Deutschen Classiker*. München, 1832. Kleine 4to. Erster Theil, Erstes Heft.

of these Poems are in the original, the Translator has felt no ordinary difficulty ; and those who best understand the length and power of the German verse, will be the most ready to applaud him wherever he may have succeeded, and to extenuate his deficiency wherever he has failed. To such Readers he commits his Volume with confidence, and to the Public he resigns it with hope ; since he may at least claim the merit of having made accessible to Englishmen another portion of the Literature of an intensely interesting Nation ; and of having assisted in exhibiting how much Taste and Genius are to be found there upon a Throne.

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APOLOGY OF THE TRANSLATOR.

WHEN Phœbus strikes the sounding lyre,
The wondering gods around
Stand mute, and silently admire
The softly pleasing sound :
Each note excites divine applause,
As from the string it bounds,
And with a clear and heavenly force,
Melodiously it sounds.

But if a Mortal Being aim
The listening ear to charm,
To gain renown, attention, fame,
Or imitate the warm
And glowing notes, which by the god
Have been so sweetly sung,
The Nine will not obey his nod, —
In vain the lyre is strung.

But still, though his attempt be vain,
The gods in pity smile,
For they reluctant proffer pain,
Who sorrow can beguile.
And mortals, sure, will not refuse,
(Such high example shown,)
To pardon an unpractised Muse,
To fame as yet unknown.

TO ARTISTS.

FORTH from Earth's narrow gloomy valley springing,
To the Ideal World your thoughts are winging,
Up to Imagination's flowery fields :
Scarcely the life of mortal man pursuing,
But realms of Heaven and climes ethereal viewing,
Some happiness to you this world still yields.
Joyously ye behold each scene before you,
Your glowing inspiration round it flung ;
Happy and free old age ne'er triumphs o'er you,
Still lives the Painter ever glad and young.

What though the heavens with dark grey clouds be
cover'd,

Or vapours cold have over Nature hover'd,

Within your bosoms lives her shining glow ;
And that first glory shall retain its powers,
And shoot forth blossoms to your latest hours,

Whilst Verse, Design, and Music, from it flow.

If ye beneath the sun-beams are reclining,

Your mental radiance ev'n illumines the sky ;
On the bright heavens your thoughts are forms de-
signing,

And in the evening air around they fly.

No earthly sorrows ever can enchain you,

Nor melancholy's deep dejection pain you ;

For, freed from all the meaner thoughts of life,
Care never yet your spirits hath surrounded,
But Heaven hath spread its realms of love unbounded
To the rapt mind that soars with genius rife.

'Tis only the gross *covering* of the spirit,

In the Soul's endless realms, that Earth enfolds,
That mortal load binds not immortal merit, —
The Ideal World alone its sight beholds.

The form which hover'd as an image fleeting
Is real, and breathing life itself, when meeting
 With glorious Art in hands of skilful might ;
The scene which in an eye-glance was created,
To live, and to be lost no more, is fated,
 For Intellect and Feeling there unite.
Vapours and mists fall in the vales' recesses,
 When the high Alps their heads bright shining
 heave ;
And Genius thus a heavenly radiance blesses,
 When men of earthly souls but weep and grieve.

Yet cannot this fair life endure for ever,
Whate'er exists must from existence sever,
 And down by Time ev'n Hellas' Temples fall :
But as frail flowers which earth is still renewing
From the wing'd seeds which they themselves are
 strewing,

One Work of glorious Art gave birth to all !
From one brief life a fresh life still appeareth,
 And one high effort, to perfection brought,
At length another Work of Genius reareth,
 Though thousand years should pass ere it be
 wrought.

Though brightest laurels from the conflict reaping,
With blood and tears the hero finds them weeping;

His proudest battle-crown will quickly fade :

But free from every spot to stain or check you,

Artists! your skill can win such wreaths to deck you,

As rays of honour and of light pervade.

Since noble deeds alone can ever flourish,

And give felicity and high renown,

So for posterity shall Artists nourish

A lasting blessing by their works sent down.

REMINISCENCES OF ITALY,
IN THE YEAR 1805.

ELEGY I.

ROME.

IN the cool eve is lost the glowing heat,
Though on the morrow 'twill regain its seat ;
But the lost power of Rome is ever gone !
The noise of day ceased as came twilight on :
Now still night follows, earth its slumbers bind,
And all is mute,—but nobly speaks the mind !

ETERNAL ROME ! Thy Name, my soul from far
Was led to honour as her guiding star ;
And my enraptured thoughts to heaven were raised
On Thee, Majestic City ! when I gazed :
Though now hath vanish'd all thy glorious might,
And former splendours all are put to flight ;

For thou art but the shade of what thou wast,
And dimly shines the lustre of the past.

Would I had seen thee with thy Senate here,
As fifteen centuries since thou didst appear !

The moon now glancing on thy walls decay'd,
With soft and placid radiance, seems to have made
United that which in the day is wide,
Lost in the deadly rage of Time's wild tide.

Now seems the Majesty of Rome to shine
As once it shone, in state almost divine ;

As when she first the proud and powerful name
Of Chief of Nations from the world could claim !

The shadows of the mighty dead return,
And leave the sepulchre and trophied urn

For FLAVIUS' AMPHITHEATRE so vast,
And re-appear the actors of the past.

The moderns walk the fane in clamorous light,
But to their loved possession come by night

The mighty ghosts of Rome's departed world,
Which to the realms of death hath long been hurl'd.

But ev'n the Romans, in the time that this
Proud building was upraised the heavens to kiss,

Unworthy were of that which they had been
When Cincinnatus trod upon the scene.
Yet in the midst, TITUS, thyself I see,
Whose noble acts adorn'd both Rome and thee :
Thou singly shinest in virtue, in a crowd
Of men degenerate, though of Rome still proud.

The only mortal on this sacred road
As thus I wander on, my feet have trod
Upon the sunken stones of long-lost power,
O'er which the clouds of Time now darkly lower.
Mournful and ruin'd gleams yon VICTOR-ARCH,
Illustrious Titus ! which records thy march
And triumph over the unbending rage
Of Judah's sons, when closed their nation's page.
Yet, glorious Titus ! nobler art thou still
By thy proud victory o'er thine ardent will ;
When thou didst once, in heartfelt conflict, prove
Conqueror o'er self and all the powers of love.

Thou, too, art fallen, TEMPLE fair of PEACE,
In dust and ruins all thy splendours cease !
Yet what avails to Rome such Temple more,
When wars and victories alike are o'er ?

She hath herself become a fane of rest,
And seems in such inglorious quiet blest.
Sleep! Land of Conquests! Sleep the Sleep of Death!
Though *once* a nobler nation ne'er drew breath :
By none dominion longer was maintain'd,
By none man's veneration more enchain'd ;
And, like thyself, thy History stands alone,
Inspiring, deathless, in all regions known !
Alas ! that from thy form the life hath fled,
And that *remembrance* only can be led
Unto thine ancient greatness, deep-sunk Rome !
Degraded City ! Freedom's fallen home !
Now dwells within thy monuments of old
A modern race, and heifers now are sold
In even Rome's high Forum, where the flow
Of manly speech was heard from Cicero !
Yet here men walk regardless of their shame, —
And *yet this people* bear the ROMAN Name !

ELEGY II.

TIVOLI.

THE VILLA OF QUINTILIOLO, ON THE VICO VARO.

HEAREST thou not a hollow mournful sound,
Which seems to start from these deep vaults around?
“ Here stood the fraudulent foe’s vain dwelling-place,
Though now its walls be sunken to their base.
For curious search these ruins still remain,
But earth has long since claim’d her own again.
To be and vanish is of all the lot,
To rise, to fall, to pass, and be forgot :
One nation thrusts another from her seat,
And realms and empires revolutions meet :
And only mighty Earth shall always claim
Her ancient power to hold unchanged the same.
“ Art thou a German ? Doth not triumph dart
With lofty exultation to thy heart,

When, Traveller, here thou seest the spot and road
Whereon QUINTILIUS VARUS' Villa stood ?
He who contemn'd with scorn the German hordes,
And found the vengeance of Germania's swords !
Hermann ! thy name sounds sadly in these vales,
The blush of joy and shame my cheek assails,
When thinking what Teutonia was and is,
The extremes of bondage and of freedom's bliss !
Shall then no gratitude to him be shown
Who ages past was our Deliverer known ?
Should Hermann's Father-land no more be prized
Than by degenerate sons to be despised ?
Though with no less oppression now the chain
Is bound upon them with disgraceful pain !
But yet the power to conquer is their own,
And the brave strife would see deliverance won.
Unchanged in courage still did Rome remain
Though her best legions were destroyed and slain,
When in thy Capital, Teutonia, died
The strength of Varus, and Augustus' pride.
But Histories vainly teach ! none read their page,
To act like heroes of a glorious age !

“ No longer now, glad-sounding in the air,
Fame shall the victories of the Germans bear ;
Although they still for conflict brave are nerved, —
Yet, as old Rome has long her victors served, —
So Germany the Corsican obeys,
Herself annihilates, her children slays !
So furious discord all the land employs,
And vanquisher and vanquish'd both destroys !”

ELEGY III.

TIVOLI.

THE HOUSE OF PROPERTIUS, NEAR THE CONVENT
OF ST. ANGELO.

HERE once were heard of slighted love the strains,
And, as they pass'd o'er valleys, hills, and plains,
All by the sweet and plaintive songs were moved,
Excepting her the tender minstrel loved.
Long since those lays of sorrow have been seal'd,
The heart's deep wound no longer is reveal'd ;
The very spot whereon the Poet dwelt,
And pour'd in elegies the woes he felt,
Hath not a trace remaining to display,
For Time has levell'd all in lone decay.
Though many a generation in this place
Hath since appear'd, and race hath sprung from race,
Here, through the changes of those ages past,
Eternal Love and Truth unalter'd last.

Two thousand years have nearly spent their tide
Since here PROPERTIUS sang his lays and died ;
And yet immortal lives in this sweet vale
The same warm love which did his heart assail.

The moon's clear rays a nameless glow excite,
And man's rapt soul expands beneath the light ;
With holier feelings filled, she mounts above
To her bless'd home of everlasting love :
Oh Love ! thou canst depression deep impart,
Or raise again the day-star in the heart.
The glow-worms glimmer round in the soft air,
And seem the sparks of radiant love to bear :
Under these pale green olive-leaves I meet
A tender sorrow, and sensations sweet :
My soul enraptured springs from earth away,
And love alone resigns it to obey.

No other passion seem'd I thus to know,
But lived to love alone, lost in its glow :
I loved, though then was no beloved mine,
But still methought there moved her form divine :
Nor had I seen my bride in all that worth
In which she burst upon me from the north ;

When here, in casual meeting, first we came,
And both, with southern ardour, caught the flame:
We saw, and one brief glance our passion show'd,
Each heart with mutual loving fervour glow'd.
With my affection's choice at length entwined,
With her united whom I loved in mind,
Though dream'd I waking what was love's bright
 beam,
Think'st thou *Through Life* 'twill only prove a
 dream?

ELEGY IV.

TIVOLI.

RUINS OF THE VILLAS OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS,
ON THE HILL OF TIVOLI.

As in the hours of night I wander here,
A place to Rome's high-soul'd avengers dear ;
When in the gloom they silently withdrew,
To be secure no spy their counsels knew ;
I seem to see their very forms sublime,
As I revolve in thought the ancient time.
CASSIUS and BRUTUS ! though your mighty shades
Have left the Romans now, yet still the glades
Around these walls your patriot-spirits grace,
And love the villas which these ruins trace.
The olive-grove shines in the clear moonlight,
And calls forth meditation in the sight ;
Aspiring ardour in the heart awakes,
And Rome's past actions like the present makes.

This was the place where once in council bold
Assembled met the patriot-men of old :
Where through the night *they* watch'd that Rome
might rest,
Whilst sacred Liberty fired every breast :
Where, too, they deeply swore themselves to free,
And in the spoiler's blood avenged to be.
But festive scenes, and strains of joy, were found,
And glittering show in all the villas round :
In luxury wholly sunken, lost yet gay,
And glad in her own shame, Rome revelling lay !
In Silence only noble thoughts have birth,
Whatever spring in riot or wild mirth,
Swift as an eye-flash disappear and die,
Too weak, too worthless, for posterity.

Ye Mighty Enemies ! Exalted Dead !
Well were ye worthy of each other's dread !
CÆSAR a great and noble spirit moved,
But patriot BRUTUS far more faithful proved :
Worthy of better times and Rome's old day,
He stood the type of ages pass'd away.
But all degenerate were the Romans then,
Unfit for Liberty, degraded men !

For Cæsar's end, alas ! but brought the hour
Of the Triumvirate's detested power.

Long since the Imperial lines have pass'd from
sight,

Long since hath clos'd Rome's Senatorial might ;

But here, as ever, in calm silence glow,

In endless space, the stars o'er earth below.

ELEGY V.

ROME.

SOLEMN and gentle sadness fills my breast
On matchless Rome whene'er my musings rest :
A thousand years have risen and pass'd away,
A thousand generations found decay,
But the memorial, Rome, in thee survives
Of the past mighty, and their fleeting lives :
And all of ancient days above the tomb,
Are in thyself united, wondrous Rome !
When from the world my mind escaping flies,
To thee my ardent aspirations rise :
The present vanishes, and, sunk in thought,
I feel earth's glory to be vain and nought ;
For where were more or nobler actions shown ?
Where, than in thee, more famed or longer known ?

And yet long since hath ceased *thy* victor-strain,
And Poets only thy renown sustain !

How Rome was saved these monuments relate,
When ruin lower'd upon her infant state.
Here she recall'd her struggles on that field,
The conquering sword which first beheld her wield,
To tell the Romans here her arms were crown'd,
And that she victory and deliverance found :
Here, too, on this same spot, the Fane she rear'd,
Where Jupiter the Stator was rever'd ;
In joyful gratitude to Him whose hand
Succour the brave alone unmov'd who stand.

With gentle ceaseless flow here glide away,—
As they ran yesterday, and run to-day,—
The ~~unfailing~~ waters of that Fountain ~~rise~~ *in ceaseless*
Which itself empties, and itself supplies : *guise,*
Like endless Time the urn its stream outpours,
As come and disappear the fleeting hours,
The works of All-enlivening nature view,
And find that she is ever mortal too :
Yet unexplain'd proceeds the wondrous plan,
For sense too complex, too profound for man !

There, from the ruins of the Thermæ now,
In midst of winter the blue violets blow.
But soundless is the place where once the word
Of fate was issued, and the people heard :
In dust forgot lie Cæsar's palace-walls,
And in the ruins of the golden halls
The birds of prey dwell with their spoil alone,
Alas ! the same was by the Emperors done !

Soft-breathing airs the solitary leaves
Are lightly moving where the foliage weaves,
But sadness too those gentle gales impart,
And melancholy to the feeling heart.
Here the old mournful cypresses arise,
And lift their gloomy tops against the skies ;
In the blue heaven o'er ruin'd Rome they spread,
As if they veil'd a City of the Dead ;
With woe funereal o'er thy scenes they wave,
Thou art Death's region, Rome, and one vast grave !

Both power and greatness on the stream of Time
Are roll'd away in every age and clime ;
The present race, and even those to come,
Will that Earth-Robber tread into the tomb :

But thou, oh Rome ! whilst spoiling all beside,
Plundered thyself in Time's devouring tide !
Thy fall came through thine own great power of yore,
Which a degenerate race could wield no more.
Fallen are the works of glorious Rome ! o'erthrown
Less by Barbarian outrage than her own.

Like the veil'd history of all nature round,
Thy annals too inscrutable are found :
Thou art in ruins ! yet through their decay
For centuries past have sages wrought their way ;
And the next age will still inquiring be
Like us, in shadows of Antiquity :
Solemn and proud thy walls enormous rise,
And, though in ruins, still impose surprise.
Oh Rome ! in truth thou stand'st on earth alone,
For but in thee hath been the wonder shown
As twice the Mistress of the World to be,
By the rare act of second Sovereignty.
What though to arms is lost thy sceptre's sway,
And Ancient Rome from earth hath pass'd away ;
In her own strength the Modern Rome can shine,
Though not with former might, with power divine :

These ruins o'er young Rome bright splendours shed,
And wider realms are here by genius spread :
Here Art reflourish'd, and, by generous care,
May Rome again unite its trophies fair.
But in the Christian Faith far more sublime
A spirit lives, than shone in ancient time :
The Greeks ne'er worshipp'd in so vast a fane
As here is rais'd for Peter's holy reign ;
Where seems the vaulted Church to reach the sky,
And the Pantheon's self is reared on high !

Yet is the Second government of Rome
Fast passing from her towards the general doom ;
Now her renown is less her constant boast ;
Her ancient noble families are lost :
And those who yet remain are dispossess'd
Of that rare wisdom which their fathers bless'd.
The Works of Genius that thou once did'st hold,
Have been by strangers spoil'd, to strangers sold :
Daily thy yet remaining fabrics fall,
Though many new rise round the Capitol,
Yet stately buildings in thy streets are o'er,
And Roman Architecture lives no more.

Fade on the walls, alas ! their colours bright,
Thy Master spirit, too, wings hence its flight.
The glowing tints of Nature also wane,
But they shall freshen into life again,
Until the End of Time shall forth be hurl'd,
And with Annihilation strike the world !

Thou Sole Eternal City ! Empty Name !
Thou, too, shalt turn to dust with all thy fame ;
There, where thou first wert form'd, shalt disappear
Whate'er the eye beholds is fleeting here :
And conscious innate virtue all will be
That man shall bear into Eternity.

ELEGY VI.

ROME.

AM I existing in the ancient time,
And live again the Patriot-Dead sublime ?
Am I in Ancient Rome, long since decay'd,
And floated down the stream of years and fled ?
Thou Princely State ! earth worthy to control,
Thy light divine glows round that Capitol,
To which renown of old the rank assign'd
Chief of the Chiefs of civilis'd mankind.
Alas ! the duties of this place are done,
And Rome is Rome in festivals alone !
One side the buildings the Plebeians stand,
The other holds the pure Patrician band :
In the same showy dress they pace the ground,
And the old Roman state no more is found :

From all the men that dignity is reft,
The women seem to show some relics left,
Yet in their movements only may be trac'd
The mien that erst the Roman Matrons grac'd.

Here marble statues splendid mansions crown,
From glorious times and a past world come down ;
Yet do those lifeless forms more soul display,
Than all the living men of Rome to day :
Senseless and vain the moderns flutter past
The unregarded Works of Classic Taste,
And, all forgetful of their glorious home,
Stranger than strangers, Romans live in Rome !
Rich through the small remains of former years,
Only the outward ancient shade appears ;
The relics shrunk, the ashes of the dead,
For gone for aye the soul of Rome is fled.

Crowds fill the place which widely here expands,
Where Marc Aurelius o'er his people stands ;
Round him no more the Imperial Purple glows,
By his own worth illum'd his memory shows ;
And as a Prince most honour'd he survives,
Whilst Story teaches, and whilst Virtue lives:

Now sounds the solemn festive choir on high,
Blended with Nature's wide-spread harmony;
The light of day spreads round the Capitol,
And to the stars those flaming glories roll,
As with continual blaze the feast is bright,
Which dims the solemn lustres of the night:
Your sight, innumerable stars, must man
For ever lessen? and yet nothing can
Exalt him easier, high above the world,
Than when his thoughts to heaven are upward
whirl'd.

Illumination, music, splendour, lend
Their attributes, and in one glory blend.
All Europe in the building seems to be,
And forms of men a magic-crowded sea.
What deep sensations! present, future, past,
Are all, united, in this moment cast.
By those fair images I feel inspir'd,
And with the ardour of the Greeks am fir'd.
A loftier feeling raises me on high,
And wafts my soul, delighted to the sky.—
As in the moonlight, trifles are not seen,
And nought but the majestic forms we glean,

Thus bright Eternity the soul descries,
When looking on the starry cluster'd skies :
Our heart then opens easier to a friend,
And with another it will willing blend.—
A social Hanoverian here I met,
Who for our country deeply felt regret ;
The noble born are glorious patriots there,
Where he first breath'd his dear salubrious air.
We pour'd within each other's breasts our thought,
Until our minds, to adoration wrought,
Unto Eternity were borne, above
The Earth, whereon great souls were wont to rove.
Far distant from the festal hall and board
I pass'd the night in silence ; as I soar'd,
Unto that city was my gaze cast down,
Which once had quell'd the wide world with its
frown.

ELEGY VII.

CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

IN solitary paths the soul delights ;
For where the earthly objects fail, alights
Upon the mind a spirit of her own,
From which earth's cares assume a soften'd tone.
In solitude, we think upon the hour
These realms existed in o'erwhelming pow'r ;
And then it is, more brightly seem to shine
The palaces and temples,—and divine
The arch of triumph rises ; loudly sound
The songs of victory, and o'er the ground
The vast procession solemnly its way,
In measur'd paces, winds in long array.
The new world now appears, the old is past,
The pow'r of Rome long since has breath'd its last,

A corse revisiting the earth she seems,
And all her mighty acts of valour—dreams ;
Whoe'er the sceptre holds, to thee 'tis one,
Thou sleep'st the sleep of death, thy fame is gone.
The waves of Tiber flow in solemn pride
Towards th' unfathomable sea ; so glide
The generations of mankind away,
Again they are renew'd, again decay ;
Fair nature ever in a circle turns,
Is ever changing, whilst man ever mourns.
Let him not seek to gain a fame, the prize
He has scarce time to welcome ere it flies,
But single names each history portrays,—
'Tis consciousness of good that merits praise.
Then practise virtue, e'en for virtue's sake,
And from the good and great example take.
The ancients' character was strong and firm,
The moderns' shall we weak and wav'ring term ?
For centuries and centuries the way
Of Appius has been crowded, as there stray
The wand'ers on it, and the waters still
Are flowing through the aqueducts, until

They reach the city. Let men born to reign,
In future visit Rome, that they may gain
A knowledge how the greatest and the least
Must all decay, and be of time the feast.
The loss of thrones, the loss of empires can
Speak consolation here to every man.
Within the city, on the fields around,
A solemn stillness, as of death, is found ;
Here, where the nations of the world once met,
The seal of silence is for ever set ;
What once of learned Athens Tully said,
Can be express'd for Rome,—for Paris made
The same expression that he us'd for Rome,
So great the change that o'er the world is come :
“ In the metropolis too great's the noise
To view with pleasure, and to justly poise
That which the Greeks have done in works of art ;
'Tis Athens' silence can this joy impart.”
Yet Paris is not Rome, and ne'er will be,
Through dread annihilation, 'twill not flee :
Her noise will lessen, and she will decay,
Nor long will last her victories of to-day.

With far too great success she gain'd her cause,
And all her might and pow'r must, by the laws
Of circumstance and fate, be surely short,
For they have been by blood and rapine bought.
Before me stand, upon their hills, the walls
Of the eternal city;—piecemeal falls
Each building from its high and lofty stage;
Yet though proud Rome is old, she, in her age,
Is still majestic, and for ever grand,
And must, e'en now, the wond'ring mind command.
The soul, when looking on these wrecks, must turn
With longing to them,—for distinction burn;
Though man can nowhere feel his earthly nought,
As here, a sad but salutary thought.
What magic charm enchains my wond'ring sight,
Ye empty fields, o'erspread with blasting blight?
Ye who were once so blooming all around,
Are now but sad and desolated ground:
But few the men who wander on thy plain,
Pois'nous the air, the earth unsown with grain;
Thy former groves of tree and bush bereft,
Show beauty is no more, thine earlier gift:

And yet, to me, this desolated waste
Has greater charms than all thy splendour past ;
In fields all blooming with their thick-set grain,
The feelings I have here I could not gain.
The fall'n wrecks the wand'rer only sees
At distant intervals, each fragment flees
Before the searching view, nor many are
The traces that are left of former war ;
Although barbaric myriads, mighty Rome,
Came from the north and south to work thy doom.
The history of people and of time
Is all united in thy glowing clime ;
Man, nature, heav'n, and earth have all a home
Within thy walls, thou trebly glorious Rome !
Thou seem'st to die, yet ever liv'st thou on,
Thou rul'st the world, though all thy might is gone ;
Thou rul'st the spirit and the human mind,
With pow'r that e'en oppression cannot bind.

ELEGY VIII.

THE APPIAN WAY.

I WANDER silent on the Appian way,
And solemnly the due devotion pay
To all those mould'ring graves of former worth,
Where friend and enemy recline in earth.
Those who have even found the *world* too small,
Are cover'd here by death's oblivious pall.
Ye, too, recline within the arms of death,
Depriv'd of motion and of vital breath,
Who once th' unhappy passion felt of love,
For one whom pray'rs and tears might never move.
Ye here have rest, ye here have what ye wish'd,
And are, by losing life, the more enrich'd.
What man has done is thought of, oft no more,
As if on earth a name he never bore.

These monuments were built to show their pride,—
E'en pride in death, in thinking those who died
Had liv'd before them ; but no line implies
By whom erected, or to whom they rise.
The long rank grass now hides the lofty graves,
It blooms and withers, but as nature laves
Its surface with her dew, the bloom returns,
And man from this a vivid lesson learns
Of our great nourisher, the fruitful earth,
Which, e'er revolving, brings life, death, and birth.
The ivy's green surrounds the jutting stone,
And on the grave the blossoms now have blown.
Art quickly passes by, but nature ne'er ;
Here vainly seeks a mortal aught to bear
Into Eternity's extensive fields ;
The monument he builds but short-liv'd yields
To his posterity his fame, renown,
Soon are these borne to dark oblivion down.
The living ne'er allow the living peace,
Nor dead the dead,—the change will never cease,
E'en in the grave. Alone for paltry gold,
The present cruel generation roll'd

Destruction on the works they cannot form,
And thus this last asylum did they storm.
Thou conqu'ror of the world ! what use to thee
Are now thy conquests, since all things must flee ?
Why was Rome rais'd to that exalted height,
Only to be retarded in her flight ?
Why did she rise alone thus high to fall
Into the lowest depths of scorn and thrall ?
Is it enough to say that she has been,
That she has shone so bright upon the scene ?
The earliest limits, earliest bounds of Rome
Were what they now are, she so low is come.
She that has reach'd the summit of renown,
Is from her lofty height come toppling down.
Eternal Death ! to reign is now thy lot,
The Roman power is as a dream forgot ;
She that once fill'd the earth with grief and blood,
Devouring nations as her common food.

We feel within these bright and southern fields,
That heav'n invites us to the bliss she yields,
And we've for death no longer now a dread ;
He seems alone to happier life to lead.

He but conducts us to eternal love,
The mind the future calls to heav'n above
The pensive soul, in nameless longing dreams,
And hence towards her home to wander seems ;
The spirit hovers to the realms on high,
Our thoughts are wafted to Eternity.

ELEGY IX.

THE MOLE OF GAETA.

NIGHT.

THE silent earth is cover'd by the night,
Our looks upon the slumb'ring world alight,
And all those beings slumber also, who
Once liv'd, of whom we scarce a trace can view.
Much now has pass'd away, and all will pass,
By time destroy'd will be each earthly mass :—
I feel my future being, and I seem
To be upborne to thee, eternal stream !—
Upon the waves, the moon's soft glimmer shines,
Unnumber'd lines of light the wave combines ;
The waters curling softly to the shore,
Suggest the whisper of their angry roar ;

And as with measur'd motion they approach,
Again they ebb as fearing to encroach ;
'Tis thus in nature ; all is ebb and flood,
Day follows day, and generations rude
Succeed each other,—kingdoms disappear,
And single objects, which on earth may rear
Their heads on high, will vanish fast away,—
It is the whole alone which here can stay.
That lasts, and ever to perfection hastes,
But this will not endure, it also wastes,
And 'tis alone of God the heav'nly spark,
The soul, that lives, conducts our actions dark.
Thou mild Hesperian beam, how blest thy ray !
More blessed light, than is the shining day ;—
We feel as though, beneath the southern heav'n,
Nearer our blissful homes to live 'twere given,—
And in our minds the pleas'd conviction dwells,
Which to the soul in sounds of joy it tells.

MORNING.

THE star of day arose, majestic, high,
And blaz'd with glory in the beauteous sky,
And as before I in the nightly hour
Had linger'd fondly o'er its magic pow'r,
I now remain'd to view the rising sun,
Adoring fervently the day begun.
Oh ! beauteous nature ! what a pow'r hast thou !
In ev'ry varied dress, thy glories glow.
All things a new and dazzling life now live,
And to my sight ecstatic pleasure give.
Once celebrated Greece before me lies,
That beauteous land, a marvel to all eyes ;
Parthenope is there, and smoking still
The old Vesuvius stands, the heav'ns to fill
With cloudy vapours, which towards the sky,
Gilded by Phœbus' beams, bright glist'ning fly.
And, yet thou cooling morning, bright, serene,
Wilt be succeeded, by day's sultry sheen ;

In which both age and youth opprest will lie,
Or to the shady groves, with pleasure hie.
Oh Italy! though earthly, ne'er thou seemest
To be thus earthly,—as a saint thou beamest,
And all around thee, holy must become,
As o'er thy fields our eyes in wonder roam.
I long and muse, and as I muse I love :
Here man exists like the bright saints above.
Creation's beauty raises us to Him,
The great Creator.—As his glories beam,
In adoration high, our voice we raise,
And as we look, we pray, and praying, praise.
Without an end, the future spreads around,
'Tis like the sea, unmeasur'd and profound.
The eye is dazzled with too full delight,
The soul exalted in her airy flight.

ELEGY X.

POMPEII.

HERE in the midst of joy and blooming life,
The hand of death with fell destruction rife,
Laid low, at once a generation whole;
Not one escap'd, not e'en a single soul.
The history of man is here contain'd—
At last, on all, destruction will be rain'd.
Thou art, Pompeii! of thy graves become
A dreary grave, for in those urns are some
Remaining ashes of a former age,—
Of beings, who have revell'd on the stage
Of active life. Within thee sadness dwells,
Though all around of thy existence tells.
Schools still exist, the temples still are there,
And all the various theatres still wear

The marks and signs for which they were design'd ;
And prisons also in thy walls we find.
Pictures all parts of ev'ry building grace,
And gardens are laid out in ev'ry place.
The houses are replete with works of art,
Richer than those whose gaudy hues impart
False glare to palaces of modern days,
That coldly charm and cannot pleasure raise.
All things concur to prove, that here once reign'd
Existence active,—all that could be gain'd
By industry, is here, nor wanting less
Pleasures of luxury and idleness.
Within the streets the carriage-trace is seen,
Which deeply mark'd has in the pavement been ;
The pavement which of lava had been form'd,
A proof that thou hadst by the mount been storm'd
Before this time ;—the warning still in vain ;
They heedless liv'd, and dar'd their doom again.
Rivers still run, and o'er them bridges thrown ;
Cement hard-by, in vessels too, of stone ;
The shops containing goods of ev'ry sort,
And houses, where all colours could be bought ;

All here I see, excepting life and man,
Which seem hence banish'd by a lasting bann.
The streets and houses desolated sink,
For sixteen centuries, upon the brink
Of dead oblivion, they have lain till now,
And softly time did o'er the ruin flow.
Destruction rag'd impetuous on the earth,
But that which she contain'd within of worth,
Was safe preserv'd, and that which to her care
Had been entrusted, safely rested there.
Thou showest present times, what once has been,
And how it once was order'd on the scene.
Thus in thy bosom, Earth ! was it contain'd,
For thought alone, till now, it has remain'd,
And still will here endure, a remnant shown
Of times which now are past, and ages gone.
Ye beauties then, from man conceal'd remain,
For e'en one glance of his would be profane ;
Yet men are all that here can be requir'd ;
All else we see ;—haste, then, with ardour fir'd,
To take possession ; no, it is in vain,
The dead will ne'er return to life again.

ELEGY XI.

SALERNO.

THE waves are softly dashing on the shore,
And nature is adorn'd by ev'ning more ;
Glorious the heav'n with gold and purple shines,
Which every glowing tender hue combines.
To live in southern regions is a bliss,
There from the heights of ether joy we kiss,
The earth and heav'n infuse it in the breast,
Which while we sojourn here is still possess'd.
In northern climes oppress'd, man struggles on,
With want he combats, mourns for pleasures gone.

Where are ye now, the Grecian, Roman, Goth,
Lombardian people ? gone for ever forth ?
And ye, ye Arabs who the earlier world
Once threaten'd with destruction, where is hurl'd

Your former might ? And where can now be seen,
The Norman nation, which so great has been,
In forming nations, conquering seas and lands ?
Scarce on the earth a single vestige stands :
The people are destroy'd or are return'd
To whence they came, unmourning and unmourn'd ;
Thus does a mountain-torrent rush afar,
Destroying people in its wasting war,
But then again its former bed regains,
And as it quickly swell'd, as quickly wanes.
With passing time, their pow'r has pass'd away,
And nought is left but proof of their decay.
But nature still for aye remains the same,
As bright the beams of Phœbus downward flame.
They still delight the benefited earth,
And odours of inestimable worth
Spring from the plants, and glowing flowers that greet
The wanderer with their hues and odour sweet.
The same wide sea still dashes on the land,
And on the bush-grown rocks the goats still stand ;
The goat-herd on his pipe his evening song
Tunes from afar, the shore and coast along ;

'Tending the sun upon his western flight,
And greeting thus the dark and solemn night.—
Thus generations follow on the earth
Each other, one by one, and thus brought forth
Are nations, or to quell, or to be quell'd ;
Wherefore?—that knowledge has been still withheld.

SONNET.

MANKIND can never happily, on earth,
Exist for long ; they live too much for hope,
To gratify their wish ;—they have the scope
Of the wide world, and restless they go forth.
They leave the vales, to them of little worth,
And wander to the mountain's top or slope
To gain their end,—with danger they must cope ;
And when 'tis gain'd, they feel nor joy, nor mirth.
Wherefore with vague desires should we be fed ?
Will the eternal struggle never cease,
And never will these contradictions end ?
By suppositions man is willing led :
'Tis the unknown that can his fancy seize,
And never can the earth contentment lend.

SONNET.

PEACE long has vanish'd from the troubled earth,—
In heav'n alone, she must be sought anew ;
From thence she'll man with happiness imbue ;—
She in the pure free heart must have her birth.
Our wounds are heal'd,—within our souls is worth ;
As members of the universe, we view
Ourselves delighted, as in prayer we sue ;
And from the present freed, pass freely forth.
The silent tear in man produces bliss,
And soft emotion, heavenly delight ;—
The future, then, encouragingly shines.
This nameless longing makes man even miss
The bonds which bind him to his narrow flight,
And pleasant moments with his life combines.

THE CARTHUSIANS OF NAPLES.

THAT man is happy who, on pilgrim's staff,
Must wander forth to gain his daily bread ;
For freedom is of bliss man's greater half,
To lose which treasure is the most we dread.

Long days are past, but, like the former days,—
And years, have unto years united been ;
Yet hopelessly my soul my mind obeys,
Since my young heart the pain of love has seen.

Though heav'n be clear and pure, 'tis nought to me,
For ever o'er my bosom hangs a cloud ;—
Repose, howe'er desir'd, I cannot see,—
My troubled heart with love is ever bow'd.

I cast my restless glance o'er space afar,—
My tearful eye is resting on the sea ;
And, though for years I look, still lasts the war,
No happiness is ever borne to me.

Vast ships, innum'able, are passing now,
And are quick sailing unto foreign lands ;
While many parting hence will feel a woe,
Excepting those who seek their native strands.

'Tis hope impels mankind afar to range,
And, hoping, treads he on a foreign ground :
'Tis she he trusts, and confidence he gains ;
But not a dream of hope by me is found.

Nought but a sadness, melancholy, deep,
Surrounds us here, although we're nearer heav'n:
These walls the body from the world may keep;
Yet still to earthly thoughts the mind is giv'n.

No lovely foliage here is bright and green;
Here living, we're surrounded but by death:
On high is nought but boundless ether seen,
And from beneath uprises nature's breath.

Sweet, chirping, hovers high a happy crowd;
Each creature active, and of spirit light:
Still, novelty is sought by all aloud,
Although enwoven with the old and trite.

Behold yon sad and melancholy flower,
Arising from this bright, tho' dreadful spot;
No sounds of lively music mock the hour,
Or call up dreams of happiness forgot.

A silence which, by death alone, appears
To be produced, excites the pious song ;
The fulness of our grief dissolves in tears,
And passes with the holy pray'rs along.

These marble walls, bright shining, rise on high ;
Barren and bare they stand, a living tomb :
In vain we wring our hands, or heave the sigh ;—
Who may dispel this everlasting gloom ?

Yet still, remembrance of the blissful hour,
So early past, is deeply left behind :
To cancel love, thy vow has not the pow'r ;
Still in my breast its ardent warmth I find.

Youth is now fleeting fast ; but still the thought
Of her fair form weighs on my furrow'd brow ;
Her beauty all the hues of virtue caught,—
Her love was mine, but all is vanish'd now.

With grief that once beloved one is bow'd,
Within a cloister's dark and silent cell;
Daily the waves have by that building flow'd,
Murm'ring the woe of one who lov'd too well.

Upon the beach the waters swell and heave;
There, where the convent's gloomy turrets rise;
No peace is hers;—to those who really grieve,
The heart with fond despair all peace denies.

For me, no more to fear,—no more to hope,—
Is mine; for happiness is ever flown:
With all that is most dreadful I must cope,
And yield myself unto despair alone.

Old age can never give me bliss or joy;
These glowing pains will never be allay'd;
These feelings youth and life at once destroy;—
Oh! might death's summons be at once obey'd!

THE SYMBOL OF ROME.

Is it not well that the she-wolf should once
Have suckled Romulus, the royal founder
Of strong and pow'rful Rome? for she commenc'd
By ravage and by rapine. She was once
Uncultivated, cruel, blood-thirsty,
And afterward luxurious; but still cruel:—
Her tendency was e'er to murd'rous rapine;
And, like the wolf, her nature still remain'd.
The eagle seeks in every spot for prey,
And Rome e'er sought to follow the example.
She was possess'd of courage,—understanding,
But never of the charms which have made famous
The Grecian nation. Strange remain'd to her
The feeling which may truly be surnam'd
The glowing mother of the heav'nly arts.

ON MY FIRST BORN SON.

SOFT slumber hangs upon thine eyes,
Sleep tranquilly, my child belov'd,
Thou wilt not know life's miseries
Until the veil of youth's remov'd.

Thou art unconscious of the bliss,
Unwitting of the grief of life,
Which man can ne'er avoid or miss,—
Imperfect he, and born for strife.

With joyful omens, dearest child,
Thy life's first morn was usher'd in ;
Fulfil them—virtuous, undefil'd,
Live sinless in a world of sin.

Thou openest now thy smiling eyes,
Upon a world which bright appears ;
Soon wilt thou feel the myriad ties,
That bind thee to a world of tears.

Nothing on earth is to be kept ;
Imprint this early in thy mind ;
But virtue's limits not o'erleapt,
The bliss of earth remains behind.

Be ever thoughtful of thy God,
And follow his supreme command,
In solitude obey his nod,
Be led for ever by his hand.

Death then thou quietly wilt feel,
And nought will pain or trouble thee ;
Oblivion of thy woes will steal
Upon thee, in eternity.

E'er think of this, and ever be
A German, as thou hast been born ;
Be dazzled not, when thou mayst see
The glitt'ring gold by strangers worn.

Howe'er their foreign deeds may shine,
Trust—trust them not, they're faithless, vain ;
Treachery may with their acts entwine,
And our worst loss is their best gain.

If he who gave thee life should cease
To live, ere yet thy childhood's o'er,
Thy prayers shall bid his spirit peace,
Thy tears shall tell he is no more.

Inherit too, his German heart,
And, for thy native land, thy sword
Be ready from its sheath to start,
Thus our sire's valour be restor'd.

STANZAS

FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

If ev'ry thing on earth, like man,
Should breathe destruction's accents rude,
If cannons thunder'd, and if wan
The fields with death were sadly strew'd—
If all the evils earth can see,
Should heap themselves upon my head,
And threat'ning raise their aspect dread,
Beloved, I would think of thee.

Now in the slowly circling hour,
Returns the happy time when I,
A slave unto thy beauty's power,
Was more than blest in years gone by,

When, happily united, we,
Far from the glitt'ring crowd remov'd,
Felt only we each other lov'd ;
Then think, O dearest friend ! of me.

And by the camp's bright blazing fire,
When all is quiet—all is still,
I call to mind my heart's desire,
Which glow'd in youth, and ever will ;
These happy days methinks I see,
These days which far away are flown ;
A longing feeling then I own,
And waking, still I dream of thee.

And when thou see'st with green the hills,
The flow'rs and plants with blossoms deck'd,
The vast expanse which ether fills,
By earth the sunbeams only check'd ;
When heav'n is cloudless, pure, and free,
So that the spirit soars on high,
To thee I turn—for thee I sigh,
Then think, beloved, think of me.

When clanging arms aloud shall sound,
The bloody battle reach its end,
Far from my brave companions found,
My soul to thee her way will wend.
The soul of love, if true it be,
Appears—all artifice is vain,
By death another form we gain,
But e'en in death I'll think of thee.

ON MY VISIT TO SCHWETZINGEN,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1810.

As in Mercurius' temple, once I stood,
In Schwetzingen, a ruin, I much food
For meditation found, and when alone
I thought on many years, which now are gone.
Ye artificial ruins, have become
Ruins indeed, since first I left my home.
Ye once were places of delight to me,
And, when a child, I smil'd this spot to see.
Yet now the sight recalls a tender grief,
Still soften'd by dear memory's relief.
All I have earlier felt, and earlier heard,
The mother's smile, her soft and soothing word,
Are ne'er so present to me, or so dear,
As when I sadly think upon them here.

Thou, Schwetzingen ! art of the earthly change
A mournful witness : stranger-like, I range
Within these walls, which were my heritage,
Away from those, whom, in my youthful age,
I fondly lov'd. On those I sadly think,
Who now the fatal Stygian waters drink ;
Their figures float before my mental sight,
And to Eternity conduct the flight
Of all my thoughts. Thou, Müller, first wert torn
Away from me : but though thus left to mourn,
My mind is with thee, as I oft peruse
Thy writings, rich in learning and in use.
Involuntary tears spring to mine eyes,
As thoughts of thee, my Hompesch, will arise.
For never mortal on the varied earth
Possess'd such merit, or such heav'nly worth.
And yet ye both were stretch'd within a year,
In silent death upon the funeral bier.
I thought not then, that death's relentless doom,
Would call a friend of Hompesch to the tomb,
My friend and Germany's—Stadion I mean,
Yes, noble friend, I weep for thee unseen.

That day which separated both the friends,
United them again : alas ! it rends
My troubled soul. Will, too, the self-same day
Conclude my life, and shall I have to pay
The debt of nature then ? Grim death has ta'en
More friends from off the earth, their numbers
wane,—

Yet ever in my mem'ry they live on,
Although away from earth they now are gone.
All here below must quickly pass away,
But while I live, let me still constant stay
To my fix'd soul, and virtue's laws obey.

NOTE.—Baron William Hompesch was Minister of Finance, of the kingdom of Bavaria, and died 9th December, 1809.

Count Frederick Lotharius von Stadion was Austrian Ambassador to the court of Bavaria, till the year 1809, and died 9th December, 1811.

ADOLPH'S DESPAIR.

[This poem refers to a fact, which took place in Constantinople, and on which is founded the Romance of the Baroness d'Attemps, whose father was the royal Inter-nuncio at that court. A young Frenchman, who on account of the revolution had fled from his native country to Constantinople, became enamoured of the daughter of a Turk and she of him; this was discovered. He was constrained to choose between the death of both, or his becoming a Mahomedan; the youth embraced the latter alternative. His apostacy did not fail to make him unhappy; he committed the cause of his melancholy to paper, which his wife accidentally read, and by this means discovered. From this time forth, her happiness was gone, and grief prayed upon her mind; she confessed it to her husband, who made her acquainted with Christianity. Esma was baptised. After her death, Adolph publicly recanted, although he knew instant death would be the consequence; but he desired again to be united to his beloved wife, and to wash his former offence out, with his blood.]

AH ! Esma ! at thy name I felt
A joyous fond delight,
But now in air my visions melt,—
Around is dreary night.

No more, no more, shall I renew
That time of innocence,—
E'en in her eyes the mourning dew
Stands as she looks from thence.

Oh, pardon!—pardon him who stole
Away thy peace of life ;
And pity his distracted soul,
Who lov'd thee well, my wife !

The fear of death surrounds me nigh,
I tremble at my fate ;
And yet though death I fearful fly,
No joys on life await.

When love surrounded me, and blest
Within thine arms I lay,
Oh ! that I then had flown for rest
From all life's cares away.

But could I then desert thee, when
They would have borne thee thence?
No, I should ne'er have smil'd again,
Though Heaven had call'd me hence.

A hatred of myself would be
My everlasting lot,
If I had been untrue to thee,
Or had my faith forgot.

What other method to pursue?
There was no time for thought:
If I had died, in death still true,
Thou wouldst thy love have sought.

Willing thou wouldst have met thy death
The wound for me receiv'd;
But could I hear thy parting breath,
When but a word reliev'd?

But not alone that thou shouldst live,
Did I my God deny,
I felt, the bliss 'twas thine to give,
Were mine, without a sigh.

I see my crime before mine eyes,
I tremble at the sight ;
The fiend of vengeance fiercely flies
Around, my soul to blight.

I see the Hell extend around,
Where vengeance ever tends :
In vain my tears bedew the ground,
Despair my bosom rends.

The last sad comfort now is gone,
I cannot, dare not, pray ;
I live for misery alone,
Till death my being stay.

SONNET TO MY QUEEN.

THOU art an angel, ever fair and kind,
Thy being is as mild as summer skies :
In thee both truth and constancy arise,
Each grace and virtue pictur'd in thy mind.
Around thy heart repentance cannot wind,
For ev'ry vice that holy dwelling flies ;
There innocence resides that knows not sighs,
And goodness, to thy gentle care consign'd.
Like the soft flowing of a placid stream,
Which moves through flow'ry, and through fertile
fields,
Where fairest charms of spring-tide brightly gleam,
Are all the hours, which thy soft presence yields,
With peace of soul, and mildness do they teem ;
And Heav'n each action pure and brightly gilds.

THE HAUNSTEIN.

Lo ! near the hermit's cell there stand
Upon the lofty rocks,
The fragments of a castle grand,
Daring the earthquake's shocks.

And from within, so sad and drear,
Deep sighs and groans are heard ;
A moaning, horrible to hear,
Answers Minerva's bird.

Once in these castle-walls there dwelt
A generation bold,
For brav'ry every baron felt,
Within his rocky hold.

They honest, manly, happy were,
(Two brothers were their lords,)
Till avarice came and enter'd there,
And claim'd their hostile swords.

Near to that green and verdant mead,
Where soft the streamlet glides,
The earth their mould'ring corses feed,
The turf their history hides.

Deep sorrow dwells upon the spot ;
And spirits in the air,
With silent dread and horror float
Amid the ruins there.

Upon the day the deed was done,
Two flaming lights are seen,
And blows at midnight are begun,
And heard upon the green.

And on the spot those lights shall wait,
Yearly at midnight time,
Until one brother expiate
The other's fearful crime.

MY SYRIUS AND HESPERUS.

WHEN I awake, before the sun arise,
I Schiller's beauteous pages chiefly prize,
That I exalted in my mind may be ;—
But when the night approaching near I see,
To Göthe do I fly, whose objects teem
With very life,—or like existence seem.

THE GARDENER'S SONG.

1808.

Less beauteous shine ye now, ye flowers,
Your tints have lost their charming powers,

At least for me !

Since, Maiden, I have seen thee here,
Thou dost the loveliest bloom appear,—

I love but Thee !

No flower can please me now but one,
The Violet, hiding from the sun,

So like to Thee !

So unassuming, pure, and kind,
To both o'er all by love assign'd,

Shall honour be.

Beneath the leaves herself she hides,
Thy beauty, too, unseen, abides—

So modest there :

Unconscious of thy virtuous worth,
Ere I had call'd thy notice forth,

I saw Thee fair.

The gaily-colour'd garland I

Laid at the feet of Majesty,

Our honour'd Queen :

But Violets only pluck'd for Thee,

And with them too my heart must be,—

Hast Thou it seen ?

TO SCHILLER.

SHORT is th' existence of the true sublime,
She was not form'd to dwell on lowly earth,
Ardent she seeks the spirit's lofty clime,
Eternity to her alone has worth.

She is oft lost to us, when newly won ;
We call the bard scarce ours, alas ! when he
Returns unto his God :—from earth is gone,
Thus vanishing, it seems a dream to be.

Thou art adorn'd for ever with the wreath
Of blooming laurel, as thy just reward ;
In glory dwell'st thou, heav'nly air dost breathe,
And see'st what here dreams might alone afford.

Be prais'd, thou who hast ne'er disgrac'd thy art,
Who never ventur'd in the realms of sin ;
The pureness of the blessed, is the part
Of such as thou ;—with death must life begin.

Thou risest to the ever just and pure,
The German owns thee, with exalted mien,
Thy name will immortality insure,—
In Schiller's song our pride has ever been.

And in our hearts will rest what we have read,
Sown is the seed, it will not fail to shoot ;
The stream of time will rush along his bed,
But of thy works, will ne'er destroy the fruit.

THE WARRIOR'S LIFE.

As the stream is now pouring along the bright fields,
And the time passes on with the ages of man,
The brave, restless soldier the falchion wields,
And honour he seeks in the rear and the van.
He follows his chief and obeys his command,
And marches along with the brave trusty band.

When the heavens are burning and glowing with heat,
He passes the mild and the shadowy groves,
And the stream, as along its deep bed it may fleet,
And the lands blooming brightly, thro' these oft he
roves ;

And though they attract him, he passes along,
And quickly the paths of life wanders among.

He snatches at pleasure, if such be his lot,
For forward he ever is quickly impell'd,
Nor the time, nor repose, have these warriors got,
For long in the visited lands to have dwell'd ;
For ever the minutes are fleeting away,
And the soldier advances, and short is his stay.

Whatever may chance, he must gain what he can,
Whatever the moments so fleeting afford,
Destruction attends him, precedes in the van,
And justice must yield to his might and his sword.
Prepar'd for the worst, no misfortunes surprise,
Devoted to death, which he often defies.

And he, like the men of the heathenish times,
Whose wanderings fate had determin'd and fix'd,
Must never dare visit the lands and the climes
That he wishes ; obedience must ever be mix'd
In his actions and deeds, and if more in the game,
Must sacrifice life, which to him is the same.

CHORUS I.

THE youth of a man is both happy and free,
In the spring of our life little sorrow we see ;
The days quickly fly when our age is in bloom,
The spring-tide of love also meets the same doom.
Short, truly, is life, her duration is brief,
And the heart often throbs with the pressure of grief,
Our rosy-aged youth, soon, alas ! goes astray,
She scarcely appears when she wanders away.
Eternal the longing that's filling the soul,
We never on earth reach contented the goal.
Far,—far from the world, and her limited ground,
The soul presses on, to Eternity bound.

CHORUS II.

BOAST not,—whenever fortune smiles,
Be on thy guard against her wiles,

Enjoy the fleeting favour still,
And so avoid each worldly ill.
And then thy pow'r will never fly,
For vict'ry follows modesty;
But when we of our greatness boast,
By those who've gain'd it, 'tis oft lost.
Conceal in silence what thou hast,
And what the fates have on thee cast;
And then thou may'st avoid the foe,
Nor suffer envy, grief, or woe.
From virtue strength's alone receiv'd,
And e'er to those whom vice has griev'd,
God grants both honour and renown,—
But those who arrogant are grown,
Forgotten sink, within the grave,
From which no pride can shield or save.
All things must in oblivion fall,
And all obey destruction's call,
And that which has not from above,
Receiv'd the signal of his love
Must be destroy'd,—it nought can save,
Which passes as the flowing wave.

CHORUS III.

IN happiness is oft conceal'd
Misfortune's fruit, which in the field
Of human life appears, and straight
Becomes the blooming prize of fate.
We live, and yet each mortal must
Return to ashes and to dust.
As the loud, roaring, dashing wave,
Approaches near, the shores to lave,
And then recedes, far, far away,
~~There~~^{So} does the goddess Fortune stray :
Whoe'er trusts in her is deceiv'd,
For mortal never has receiv'd
Her favour long.—Then never boast
Thy vict'ries gain'd ; but fear the most
Of all things, on the earth, that she
May far away for ever flee.
We know not e'en the seed that's sown
Or e'en the fruit of deeds our own.

In vict'ry there too frequent lies
Destruction dire ; no counsel wise
Can this forefend, for joy and pain
Upon the earth for ever rain ;
As constantly, as in her sphere
The globe revolves each following year.
And this will ever be our fate,—
Until upon our souls shall wait
A second life, and we shall fly,
From earth unto eternity.

CHORUS IV.

HE'S blest who, dying in his youth,
Has sought the realms of peace and truth,
And freed from out the busy world,
With the vile load of life has hurl'd
Deception and deceit away,
And can of age the sorrows lay
Aside for e'er ; even in life's spring
And bloom of manhood vanishing

Away from earth, and from the dream
Awak'd, whose pleasures did but seem.
When age increases, sorrows come,
This is of all mankind the doom.
Ingratitude, alas ! is then
Too truly found to dwell in men.
And if we gain our wish'd-for aim,
And seek in virtue all our fame,
Even then soon passes human joy,
And pain is real, and pleasures cloy.
The lovely beauteous bloom of youth,
Her innocence, her candour, truth,
Will ne'er again, on earth unfold
Her faded leaves, now dead and cold.
Then all our merry songs are dumb,
As proofs of sad experience come,—
And nought but sadness, and but strife,
Is ever gain'd by lengthen'd life.
Then happy he from whom soon fleets
This passing life, for then he meets
A wish'd-for death, and he is gone
Where happiness is found alone.

CHORUS V.

FIRST STROPHE.

HAPPY is he who e'er passes his days
Peaceful in solitude, him will we praise :
Question the future not, rather rejoice,
The present ne'er speaks in futurity's voice.
Yes, all this is vain, for the coming to know,
Frequent our necks to misfortune would bow :
Then would eternally pleasure have fled,
Nothing but grief would then light on our head,—
Never seek happiness eager, on earth,
She is too frequently kill'd in her birth.

SECOND STROPHE.

LONG not for that which is past and is gone,
Else thou wouldst lose all the present had borne :
Would you have pleasure ? ne'er seek thy delight,—
Joy is a guest you must never invite.

What we imagine we seldom obtain ;
Rarely that present in life can we gain,
Which we hop'd for ; which glitter'd so dazzling
before

Our eyes rais'd to Heaven, in her beauty and pow'r ;
Pure from the thoughts and the wants of the earth,
Which must ever attend us to death from our birth.
Never reality pure will arise,
From that which our weakness may teach us to prize ;
It must ever with vice be o'erflowing and fraught,
Earthly things heavenly colours ne'er caught ;
Longing will never to truth here be rais'd,
Our enjoyments we prize, but they cannot be prais'd.

THIRD STROPHE.

As to the regions pure, blest of the sky,
Let the fond hope to futurity fly ;
That which has here been determin'd and fix'd,
Nought can destroy, if in Fate's urn 'tis mix'd.
Sorrow can never prevent what's to come,
And never can joy guess its probable doom.

As 'tis in nature, so is it in life,
One day 'tis bright, then with tempest 'tis rife
On the morrow ; the morning, however so bright,
Brings not for ever a fair star-lit night ;
But even as 'tis given, we must be content,
Bliss for humanity never was meant :
Sorrow 's alternately mix'd with our joy,
Sometimes man's life grief will ever annoy ;
Never all perfect is, mix'd and combin'd,—
We never our happiness perfect shall find.

GENERAL CHORUS.

THEN as we never are able to stop
Time on his course, and this never can hope,
Nature we never should seek to oppose,—
'Tis vain,—and the prize which we seek we shall lose.

CHORUS VI.

How oft the wills of princes change,
As the sun-beam comes and goes,
From this to that they ever range,
Bringing favours, bringing woes.
He repents who seeks his good,
In their variable mood.
Then never trust them, but beware,
Never raise yourselves too high,
Lest,—is the example rare?—
You should fall as suddenly.
This is oft the mortal's lot,
To be despis'd,—to be forgot.

CHORUS VII.

RARELY man injustice flies,
'Tis too tempting when the prize

Of advantage is the goal,
Which is plac'd before his soul ;
To return whate'er is ta'en
From its owner, we would fain ;
But temptation has a pow'r
Which o'ercomes us every hour :
Man soon falls in error's snares,
And to virtue scarcely dares
His soul return ; he finds, alas !
That to fall it easier was
Than regain the narrow path,
He too soon deserted hath.
He longs to gain Elysium's height,
But is chain'd below ;
All that we take in virtue's spite,
Brings but grief and woe.
'Tis like the foul plants' pois'nous breath,
That have their roots in hell's abodes,
And e'er reside in realms of death,
Though seeking willingly the gods.

CHORUS VIII.

'Tis well for the man, who, in spring-tide of life,
Can feel that on earth all is vain and is nought ;
For then all his days will with pleasure be rife,
And nothing he'll think that's unworthy of
thought.

He will think that the palace ev'n founded on rocks,
Which seem of creation the giants to be,
Will oft fall before the loud tempest's rude shocks,
And thus be o'erwhelm'd in Eternity's sea ;
Whilst the architect's little expecting the doom,
Which suddenly over his labour is come.

In the morning, the air is perfum'd by the rose,
The flower most fair of the Goddess of Love,
Which shines with a splendour, and gracefully blows,
And seems worthy to grow in Heaven's regions
above.

And yet this fair blossom must sink to the earth,
Her beauty must vanish and wither away,
For this is the lot of all here, that has birth,
Of all that on earth's bosom wander and stray.
And whether the object be little or great,
'Tis ever the same, and the same is its fate :
The beauteous, the lovely fair things of the earth,
All pass and must quickly decay ;
The nightingale, which her soft tones warbles forth,
As the pale moon dispenses her ray,
Delighting our senses, by morning is dead,
And her notes and her song then for ever are fled.

But let us not be of each pleasure depriv'd,
And pass ev'ry moment in sadness and grief,
It is not for that we were born and have liv'd,
Nor should we reject what may give us relief.
Then live and be happy, as children may be,
Like them, let thy mind from each sorrow be clear ;
As time away from us so quickly will flee,
Let it pass not unheeded, if pleasure is near.
But think of the present, and not of the past,
Or each day will with fanciful woe be o'ercast.

But on him who seeks only what charmeth the sense,
The gate of the temple for ever will close,
For around the fair Muses is ever a fence,
Impregnable, deep, and forbidding for those.

To the dust, thou should'st never adhere,—never
 cleave,

Nor ground all thy fortune on that which can flee ;
For duration to nothing we ever can give,
And vain ev'ry action of life then will be.
For nothing on earth will Time spare from the grave,
And vain ev'ry effort his mercy to crave.

The man without virtue, is like the bare tree,
That the frost has depriv'd of its leaves ;
But he who possesses her, happy will be,—
Him nought in the world ever grieves :
Youth will bloom for him ever, and joyous and blest,
Contentment will be his perpetual guest.

THE WEEPING ROCK.

“ WILT thou receive my heart, dear maid ?
Still faithless wilt thou be ?
Know'st thou, the roses' beauties fade,
Yet every lover flee ?

“ And wilt thou scorn a love like mine,
Preferring ceaseless change,
Although the words of lovers fine,
The more thy love estrange.”

But still she heeded not his words,
 Away, away, he fled :
Now nothing joy the youth affords,
 He would that he were dead.

Now wont amongst the rocks to stray—
 For rock he found her heart—
His happiness is flown away,
 Nought can relief impart.

And far from mortals is he gone,
 E'er seeking solitude,
And there in darkness and alone
 Would he in silence brood.

And so he suffer'd many years,
 For ever weeping fast,
And frequent sought to raise his tears,
 By thinking on the past.

He thought upon the hours of bliss,
Of sweet and fond delight,
When he had felt the ardent kiss,
And revell'd in her sight.

At last the Gods compassion felt,
And took away the breath
Of him who had so often knelt,
And madly pray'd for death.

And thus transform'd unto a rock,
His grieving tears still run,
And still he feels Love's fatal shock,
As when it first begun.

Long centuries since then have fled,
And others still will flee,
But from the rock will still be shed
Tears ever flowing free.

ANTIQUITIES OF ROME IN PARIS,
IN THE YEAR 1815, BEFORE THEIR
LIBERATION.

FROM ancient times are wafted here,
A longing sad, a sweet desire,
Beholding you, ye relics dear,
Imbued with such immortal fire.

Ye noble forms of beings high,
Who liv'd in many ages gone,
No more exists your harmony,
By Time your temples are o'erthrown.

More beauteous in your present state,
Than modern genius can attain,
Your excellence to emulate,
He finds impossible and vain.

Destructive Time reigns not alone,
In life's all-perishable realm,
For death even works of Art must own,
All things on earth does he o'erwhelm.

As feelings which have been impress'd
For everlasting on mankind,
Are all the labours which attest,
In years long past, a taste refin'd.

Hear from their mouths the sad complaint,
"All people once again are free,
And yet no freedom have we gain'd,
We seem condemn'd to slavery.

There where the fragrant zephyr blows,
In our renown'd and glorious land ;
The sev'n-hill'd City only knows
The pow'r by which we can command.

A restless longing,—but in vain,—
Towards our lov'd and lovely earth ;—
Oh ! would we were in Rome again,
Queen of our beauty, and our birth !

AN ALPINE SONG.

VANISH oppression of sorrow,
This dewy and bright-shining morrow :
Aloft on the joyful high hills of the Alps,
We are far above man on their snow-bedeck'd scalps.

In free climes of ether uplifted,
Under the cleft wildly rifted ;
Or the fall of the loudly-heard trembling stream,
Where the mystical bounds of Eternity gleam.

In the valleys of earth is remaining
That guilt which the world is profaning ;
But betwixt us of clouds there is rolling a sea,
And above me is measureless space clear and free.

More brilliant is here the blue heaven,
And purer devotion is given :
An earthless, and unknown, and ardent desire,
For God fills the bosom with heavenly fire.

Here flowers in the sunlight are blowing,
Here ice-walls for ever are glowing :
But far from these heights in its wonder and love,
The soul in an extacy springs up above !

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

BELOVED, I leave thee ! I wander afar,
Yet Love shall conduct me as if 'twere my star :
 I march to a foreigner's field ;
Away from the holiest blessings of life,
 That sweet home-bred affection can yield :
Though I see not thy glances of love in the strife,
 In mine heart is thine image reveal'd.
But honour hath call'd me my duty to prove,
And in all else hath chang'd me, excepting my love.

When my limbs with fatigue down to earth shall be
 bent,
When my vigour shall leave me, and strength shall
 be spent,

Fresh courage shall spring from the thought,
That I, my Beloved, *am* loved by thee!

With that charm I shall sink under nought :
Even savage and terrible Death when I see,
I shall brave him in fight as I ought.
And though the blood stream from my wounds
 deep and wide,
Unyielding and firm shall my courage abide.

The hour full of fate is at hand,—I depart,
And Farewell claims its tribute of tears from the
 heart,

I must speed me away to the fight :
And should I not turn to my country again,
Remember I fell for her right ;
In the sacred defence of my Father-land slain,
The foeman's presumption to blight.
Yet, in dying, my thoughts will be loving to Thee,—
And beyond Death FOR EVER our union shall be !

THE BLESSING DENIED.

My heart once whisper'd I could gain
Renown and honour, and attain
What I so long desir'd to clasp ;
But all attempts were fruitless found,
For never was the object crown'd :
'Twas past my pow'r, too weak my grasp.
Let man his duty e'er observe
If he would keep in virtue's path,
Nor let the lowly ever swerve,
Or show a ruler's right or wrath.

He who would seek his land to save,
Stands mingled with the mighty brave,
And by but few regards is seen,
They honour and renown have won,
But set for me is glory's sun,
Tho' e'er on virtue did I lean :
When other names will sound on high,
By Fame immortal held in praise,
Mine with the many low will lie,
And never meet devotion's gaze.

When Europe lay in grov'ling chains,
I felt her troubles, and her pains :
Danger from me no fear could wring ;
T' have rul'd but for a moment then,
I would renounce my right o'er men,—
Away the crown and sceptre fling,
Could I but then have sav'd my land,
Have then destroy'd the mighty foe,
Have broken his all pow'rful wand,
And sav'd mankind from blood and woe.

But it is gone, 'twill ne'er return,
For me no fires of vict'ry burn,
No laurel wreath adorns my brow ;
Although, when each appear'd a slave,
And seem'd to fear an honour'd grave,
And crouch'd to the prevailing foe,
I can with truth protest and say,
Alone did I oppose his might,
When Europe low in fetters lay,—
And yet no fame will me requite.

Tho'
~~For~~ never in the battle-field,
Did fair renown her blossoms yield ;
To me, alas ! they are denied ;—
To that fair land, where I have dwelt,
Where Tiber's waters softly melt,
And art and nature both have vied,
Why could I not my Schiller send,
To live in joy and fond delight ?
Rome to his words a charm would lend,
Which his long sojourn would requite.

And

~~But~~ Müller! thou to us art lost,
By grief thy path was sadly crost;
A moment's weakness brought but woe,
Alas! for any thus deceiv'd,—
Too oft of joy are they bereav'd,
And fortune ever find their foe.
And he who serves Napoleon once,
Is by the treacherous powers of Hell
Cast in the gulf, down which to glance,
Is quenchless horror dire and fell.

That spell which held in thrall the world,

Is now into destruction hurl'd,—

Who could describe it is no more!
~~He who impell'd it is no more:~~

How willingly would I have giv'n

A life befitting only heav'n,

To thee who Clio's laurels wore.

When genius, fortune, will, unite,

Then man alone receives reward,

To venture, and to gain the right,

This only can renown afford.

ADDRESS
TO THEODORE KÖRNER.

WHEN in the spring-tide of a beauteous life,
And in thy country's brightly shining morn,
When in the glow of an heroic strife,
An early death thy soul from earth has torn ;
We praise thee, noble one, and envy thee,
Who canst the realms of bliss, thy guerdon see ;
Thou, who hast fallen for thy country's good ;
Thou didst the space of expectation fill
With dreams of bliss ; and freed from ev'ry ill
Now sit'st apart in blest celestial mood.

That pang to feel was not thy fate in life,
Which, growing deep, destroys the inward soul,
Which stabs the heart as with an edgeless knife,
And can all worthier sentiments control.
The heart so full of glowing feelings, then
Sinks down to that of mean and common men,
And of its former greatness nought remains ;
What it had wish'd of yore, it cannot gain,
The glowing fire will soon to ashes wane ;
Once dead, no power its former strength maintains.

The mind and senses overcome it quite,
And hell and heav'n are ever thus at war ;
Then man is borne in an extatic flight,
Where'er the fair Urania chance to soar.
He ne'er with sensuality will dwell,
Who drinks long draughts from Heliconian well,
Who weans himself from earthly thoughts and cares ;
He who would live most happily on earth,
Must cling to that, which has a mental worth,
And fly from fleeting Time as on he bears.

Surrounded only by the veil of love,
Thine eye by foul temptation ne'er was caught ;
Thou seemed'st wafted to the heavens above,
By tones, with which thy sweetest lyre was fraught.
The waves must never wet the hallow'd feet,
Nor on the dang'rous rocks with fury beat,
One who is wrapp'd in Leucöthea's veil.
Never can he polluted be by sin,
Whom love has been empowered once to win,—
The virtuous have no errors to bewail.

How happy he, who in the years of youth,
Freed from the rashness of heroic strength,
Can die before of age the fearful ruth
Weighs heavy with a wasting sickness' length.
As thou in innocence from God didst come,
He has receiv'd thee, in his happy home,
Adorn'd with blooming palms of vict'ry bright ;
And when the mists of error pass away,
Truth shines more brightly in her glorious day,
Freed from the earth's dull overpowering night.

How many years will pass and monarchs fall,
And other monarchs rise on earth anew,
But ever will thy name be lov'd by all,
As long as Germans to themselves are true ;
For he, who from a wild and heedless youth,
Has rais'd himself unto the realms of truth,
Here surely immortality has gain'd ;
But his poor name will quickly pass away,
Who, as the too short liv'd Ephemera,
Wastes his lost youth, all virtue's laws disdain'd.

A noble harmony thy sounding lyre
Gave forth, when boldly thou the sword didst wield,
The stricken strings emitted holy fire,
Urging the brave unto the battle field.
The storm of Time has many names destroy'd,
But thine is in the starry heaven buoy'd,
As is the sun in ether's mighty space :
From earth thou fled'st while yet but young in years,
And from above thy shining form appears
Encouraging the nation thou didst grace.

Oh ! had I seen thee once, thy soul's bright beams
Would glowingly have penetrated mine,
For thou didst ever feel in thy best dreams,
The woes that threaten'd Germany's decline.
Two hearts by harmony so strongly bound,
As tones which from two tuneful harps resound,
Would have united ;—and no longer here,
Together they away from earth had fled ;
In higher realms immortal bliss to wed,
And the eternal vest of peace to wear.

THE OLD OAK,
IN THE YEAR 1819.

last seen
THOU ~~sawest~~ nations wander past,
Years have on years been rolling fast,
Thou canst bear witness of the dead :
Our land as conqueror thou hast seen,
And when she too has conquer'd been,
When fortune crown'd or bow'd her head.

As mounts thy summit to the heav'n,
So deep thy roots in earth are driven,
Truly thou seemest both to join :
To thee the times long past away,
The coming and the present day,
In thee their fortunes I divine.

Deeds that occur'd in former days
Their hidden annals sudden raise,
The mind can see them passing by :
The ancient Germans seem to rise,
And mount towards Walhalla's skies,—
Already I behold them nigh.

Thou dost with earliest victories
Unite the fame which now we prize,
Gain'd after slav'ry's murd'rous reign :
When civil war our country stain'd,
Since when thy branches too have wan'd,
And will not flourish e'er again.

The German empire too is gone,
And all the glory that it won,
As is thy summit, noble oak :—

~~Her~~ time has pass'd, along with thine,
X But sure again she'll brightly shine,—
New things are cherish'd, old forsook.

X But Germany again will shine,

ON THE VERONESE HERMITAGE.

THINE ashes even are to dust decay'd,
Ages on ages pil'd are pass'd away,
But still thy fame by time will never fade,
Which, ever shining, will for ever stay.

Otto, of Wittelsbach, thy name will e'er
Resound aloud, while these high mountains stand,
For German dignity thou all couldst dare ;
These rocks speak of thee through thy native land.

Thy emp'ror's honour, fame, were both at stake,
He either was oblig'd the pass to gain,
Or with his army a retreat to make,
Thus rendering every hope of conquest vain.

The ravine had been taken by the foe,
And on the rocky summit high he stood,
Not e'en the boldest would attempt to go,
And face him on a path so rough and rude.

The emp'ror stood among them ; and around
He cast his eyes, and ask'd them if no prince
A means to save his monarch yet had found ;
But all were silent, off'ring no defence.

A noble anger Otto's visage flush'd,
And quick assembled he his little band,
Then to the heights of honour'd danger rush'd,
To save or die, resolv'd on either hand.

He reach'd the highest point, the loftiest rock,
From shame and infamy he sav'd his friend,
The enemy could not withstand the shock,
The deed was worthy of the noble end.

With pleasure I e'er look upon those heights,
Where thou, Bavarian ! did'st contend so brave ;
Quick as the mountain-torrent fierce alights
Upon its bed, didst thou thine emp'ror save.

Mayst thou to thy posterity remain,
A bright example to be firm and true,
May they thy brav'ry and thine honour gain,
And ancient times return t' adorn the new.

CONSOLATION AND HOPE.

For pleasure hoping still, and still in vain,
But still to hope is a relief from pain.

MY FEELINGS.

By twelve years younger, than twelve years ago,
I seem to be ; for lessen'd is my woe.

THE PRAYER.

Let me not think on future or on past,
But on the moment that is fleeting fast.

THE PONTINIAN LAKE,
NEAR ROME.

THE men and water, melancholy, slow,
Along the Appian way appear to go.

THE EQUALIZATION.

THAT man the earth might not suppose the heav'n,
Was Satan to the world as dow'ry giv'n.

MOTION AND REST.

THE sky is ever quiet, but the sea
Is roaring ever ;—rest in heaven will be.

DESIRE OF LAND.

OH ! beauteous moment to the longing breast,
When we have left the wide deceptive sea,
The element most changing, false and fickle ;
When we again can gain our wonted mood,
And when this sad and idle time is o'er,
When thinking even seems to be forbidden,
When we no more the wav'ring motion feel,
But on the firm earth tread, and find that we
Are settled on the fix'd and solid land ;—
By lovely songs of birds the ear is greeted ;
The eye delighted views the fresher green,
And all the manifold and varied hues
Cause pleasure, as we view them, when we've gain'd
The long-desir'd, and often wish'd-for end.

TO HELLAS,
IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1821.

It now begins to dawn in Eastern climes,
And beauteous Cynthia pale and paler grows ;
Whilst Helios brings portents of joyous times,
And Eos beams of light around her throws.
The grave is op'ning wide his dusky gates,
The night now vanishes, nor longer waits
To cover the most perfect works of man :
What barbarism's pow'r had once enchain'd,
Has Hellas under her protection gain'd,
And loos'd the heavy and destructive ban.

By foreign intervention, freedom ne'er
Can be restor'd :—we have seen the conquer'd Gaul
Obey the Frank, and his hard fetters wear,
When from his neck the Roman yoke did fall ;
Another's freedom strangers ever scorn.
By those who gain her she alone is worn ;
When by ourselves obtain'd, she's priz'd alone :
The planet's glimm'ring light soon melts away,
But the bright splendour of the solar ray
Endures, and over all the earth is thrown.

When at the Isthmian games the Romans loud
Proclaim'd once more the fickle Grecians free,
All present shouted ; thus were lower bow'd
Than by the galling bands of slavery :
Their freedom only could be truly gone,
Gull'd, as they were, by the mere name alone—
No more could they deserve her glorious sun
To beam on them—so abject and so low,
Unlike those Greeks whose blood was wont to flow
For Philip, or for Philip's godlike son.

The fair relation of the heroes bold,
A beauteous dream from ancient fabled times,
Clothes all the past in a rich vest of gold,
And glowing paints thy still more glowing climes;
And all that old reality has crown'd,
And all delight in fiction ever found,
Belongs to thee,—to thee is firmly chain'd
Tyrtaeus' songs, whose sweet yet martial strain
Led them to prosperous battle, still contain
The high renown, by him the poet gain'd.

The shade of ev'ry hero now exhorts
Thee not to sink beneath the weight oppress'd,
This generation gratitude affords,
And by posterity thou wilt be blest.
The heav'ns will smile upon thee with delight,
Whilst all still hope that vict'ry may requite
This contest to o'erwhelm a tyrant's pow'r;
The bosom of each free-born man will glow,
And from his lips a pray'r will surely flow,
That slavery o'er thee may no longer lower.

Thou native country of the greatest men !
The throne of excellence by thee 's attained,
Thou bright example ! mayst thou live again,
Adorn'd by all the charms the Muses gain'd.
Thou cradle of mankind, bright Hellas ! now
May victory's wreath be plac'd upon thy brow ;
This is the wish of all the living world ;
Thou home of all that's fair, of all that's high !
Although oppress'd thy pow'r, 'twill never die,
Thy foes will be at length to ruin hurl'd.

Those ships are borne upon a prosperous sea
With pleasure, for they waft thee lasting good,
May no disaster on their passage be,
Which freedom bears to quell the murd'rous brood.
From near and distant parts the people rise,
And hasten to the field with joyful cries ;
The warriors start to arms—the trumpets sound ;
As at the time of Cadmus, they from teeth
Of Mars' fierce dragonsprung,—they live and breathe,
By Grecian tears attracted from the ground.

Hellenes ! up, and quickly fly to arms,
Now, Sparta's sons, quick show your fathers' fire,
Then, Persians fell, now let fierce war's alarms
Cover Plataea's field with carnage dire.
Up Athens' ! Corinth's brave and warlike troops,
Be what your fathers were ; let Europe's hopes
Be realiz'd ; the present as the past :
Become the seat of learning and of arts,
Her beams, the cross already brightly darts
Around thy land,—foes trembling stand aghast.

THE AUTUMN SONG,

TO THE HELLENES.

THE early autumn sinks,
The leaves are falling from the trees,
The purple grape-juice Hellas drinks,
And grateful sounds now fill the breeze.

On land the heroes meet,
And congregate upon the sea ;
On fire appears the Turkish fleet,
The Greeks shed tears of extasy.

They drink to those who sunk,
As heroes, on the battle-field,
Whose blood the thirsty earth has drunk,
Whose souls the heav'ns a refuge yield.

They live for ever there,
And ever lives their fame below ;
That spot their high renown will wear,
Where they fell,—conqu'ring the foe.

And now they drink to those,
Who aided with their gallant band ;
For them the verdant bay-tree blows,—
Their praise has not been built on sand.

Again the cup is out,
And loudly songs of vict'ry sound ;
Again the goblet flies about,
And from the heavens the shouts rebound.

The autumn wanes away,
But after winter shines the spring,
And brightly after slav'ry may
Fair freedom bliss her children bring.

POMPEII.

THE busy and the idle crowds were here
Invited to enjoy the ether clear,
And from these seats, from country and from town,
They view'd their neighbours walking up and down.
But I alone now pass along the street,
And scarce a mortal in my path I meet ;
I step upon the oft-betrodden road,
In solitary, sad, and pensive mood ;
The shops I pass, the trades my eyes invite,
Here handmills stand, there stoves attract the sight :
The streets towards the spacious forum tend,
A mighty temple rises at the end,
And many steps the worshipper must mount
Before he stands upon the holy ground.

The tribune rises, but the speaker fails,
His manly speech no more the listener hails.
There stands the temple of the God of Love,
With paintings closely wrought, below, above ;
And durable as is the passion seems
That beauty, which around the building gleams.
There the Basilika, with columns high,
Stands with its portals rais'd towards the sky.
Alas ! there riches oft'ner gain'd the cause,
Than justice, or her long-consider'd laws.
E'en in those times, 'twas common to deface
The public buildings, and each public place,
By impious sentences, from idle hands,
Prov'd by the scrawl that on this pillar stands.
Man was not better then, it seems, than now,
Nay, in his veins worse blood did often flow.
Through straight and serpentining streets, the way
Leads where the actors once were wont to play ;
And here we freshly-painted houses see,
Where notices are pasted. Then, as we
Towards the ramparts of the city walk,
We can the fair and lofty buildings mark :

And passing on, through high and column'd walls,
The eye upon the wide Arena falls,
Whose ceiling is with various colours crown'd,
Whose walls devices and fair forms surround.
Behold the lion, waiting for th' attack,
He only seems the keeper's sign to lack.
Yonder apart, we can the laws perceive,
By which the consul Pansa did relieve
The slaves oppress'd, improving thus their fate,
And gaining praise from each enlighten'd state.
Thence near, if we pursue our course aright,
Three human forms will next attract the sight,
Reclining at their length, their couch along,
Which seems to yonder building to belong.
They were prepar'd the meal t' enjoy, when death
Over them wafted his pernicious breath.
If, then, the wand'rer will pursue the wall,
He'll reach a vaulted gate, 'tis wide and tall,
That on to Nola leads. This once was told
Upon a board, in letters, red and bold,
Mark'd on a ground of white. 'Tis here alone
We see the Roman life : in Rome is shown

The Ruler only, [city of the past !
All, all save man may in thy streets be trac'd.
All seems t' exist, and yet each object's dead,
And cover'd with a dark portentous dread.
When Helios sinks within the floods, and night
Upon her dark and drowsy pinions' flight
Over the city flits, no host appears,
No one the friendly invitation bears,
No couch is offer'd to the weary guest,
To lull his limbs with soft and soothing rest.
Tears fill the eyes, and sorrow fills the breast ;
To find we call in vain. The echo sounds,
And sadly from each vacant house rebounds ;—
Then, as upon the ear the sad complaint
Strikes with a tone so hollow, yet so faint,
The bosom seems with tender anguish rent,
And by the mourner, sighs to heav'n are sent.

SICILIAN ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

SEGESTA.

ALL seems deserted ; wheresoe'er I look,
City and country are by life forsook ;
No plummy songsters strike the list'ning ear,
No shady bough extends an umbrage dear ;
But solitary rise from distant times
The sad memorials of these glowing climes ;
The remnants of a vanish'd world are here,
Which now before the gazer's sight appear ;
The ruin'd temple still its walls maintains,
A fragment of the theatre remains.
Ah ! why, Segesta, hast thou ever been ?
Or, why thy beauty now no longer seen ?

All, all is past ; and dreams remain alone
Of all thy glory, and thy splendour gone.
What art thou, earthly greatness ? What is fame ?
To man 'tis but a weak and worthless aim :
Fame on Time's voyage is too often bound,
And in the waters of oblivion drown'd.
What of this field of beauty do we see,
Where all was life, delight, and harmony ?
Is this Segesta, which could Athens dare,
Still braving her with Sicily to war ?
Where in her vain attempts her strength was lost,
And she to yield to conquering fortune forc'd ?
Where are the works of wisdom, where is life ?
Where are the sighs of love, or breathing strife ?
Nought here below for ever can remain,
The grave is op'd alike to joy and pain ;
All passes, save the arts, which ne'er go down,
And they exist, when Time with angry frown
O'er those who form'd them, has destruction hurl'd,
And ras'd their memories from the later world.

ELEGY II.

SELINUS.

SELINUS and Segesta ! noble foes !
History, to you, both fame and honour owes.
For when the Carthaginian force attack'd
Fair Sicily, ye then no courage lack'd ;
United, ye oppos'd them, but your fate
Was still to feel the foe's prevailing weight.
The consequence of evil deeds is shown
To those, who, ruling, mount a troubled throne ;
Here nought but chaos, wrecks on wrecks appear,
That fill the wond'ring soul with grief and fear.
Man long had work'd to raise the buildings grand ;
His ever fertile, ever busy hand
Was then employ'd erecting Jove's high fane ;
When trembling earthquakes shook the land and
main,

An age's labour fell ; Poseidon* fled,
With horror fraught, and superstitious dread ;
Demeter,* too, withdrew her liberal hand ;
And all that now is left upon the strand
Are myrtle plants, the pledge of tender love,
Which meet the eye, where'er the wand'rer rove.
But if the present be o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Love ever lends his soft and pure relief ;
Chases each sorrow, and each trouble drowns,
And drops his balm into our bleeding wounds :
When worlds are vanish'd, centuries are gone,
Still in the human breast will Love live on.

* Poseidon and Demeter. The Greek names of Neptune and Ceres.

ELEGY III.

GIRGENTI.

REST dwells upon the heav'n, the earth, the sea,
The North is quiet, and all troubles flee
Far from the South. But Agrigentum, where
Are vanish'd all thy arts and science fair?
All, all are gone! but lovely nature still
Flows smoothly on, as does a quiet rill.
'Tis true, like man's, her beauty disappears,
But soon her charms renew, her darkness clears.
Arising from the grave, again she lives,
And many a sweet and fresh'ning odour gives.
The trees are ever green, eternal spring
The quick revolving seasons seem to bring;
The winter's cold, destructive, frosty breath,
In these fair realms, ne'er brings his reign of death.

The olive-tree shines here in splendour bright,
And flourishes, and seldom suffers blight :
Much wealth to Agrigentum once it brought,
And is with sweet and blooming blossoms fraught.
Upon the fragments of this ancient fane,
I read great Homer's Odyssey again :
Read as the Greeks, in ages past would read,
And feel their wounds as conquering heroes bleed.
Th' inhabitants of Greece are now no more,
But still their poet lives on ev'ry shore.
Through ages long, the thoughts of wisdom bear
A worth inestimable, vast as rare.
The mind considers neither time nor place,
All troubles vanish in her boundless space.
Empedocles, the air with mildness fill'd,
When on this mount he did a dwelling build ;
And as it rises suddenly to view,
It does my warm imagination woo.
Another thought,—it was a mount to raise,
To shelter Munich from the blighting days,
And from the frosty atmosphere, and thus
To shield her from the climate's bitter curse,

By reuniting all the wand'ring light,
And banishing the cold and wint'ry night;
With use and beauty 'twould adorn the spot,
Which seems by nature to have been forgot.
I had already pictur'd how the flowers
Were twining round the vine-clad lovely bowers;
I on the summit saw a beauteous wood,
Which from the Northern blast protecting stood;
No more did foggy vapours o'er us hover,
No more did they the plain and city cover.
This lovely vision by its presence charm'd,
With pure delight the mind and bosom warm'd;
Why then can I not say, that this shall be,
Instead of dreams behold reality,
So that for future ages it might last?—
Cannot a seed upon the earth be cast,
Even that our children might enjoy, what we
Have long'd for vainly on the earth to see?

ELEGY IV.

SYRACUSE.

WITHIN my mind is passing what was done,
Ere sank for aye fair Syracuse's sun ;
I think not on the fragments which remain,
For not one pillar,—not one single fane
Or temple do we see; the eye alone
Perceives a heap of scatter'd broken stone.
Between Akradina and Tyche stands
The place, Melpomene and Thalia's bands
Were wont to use, while he may see who seeks,
The amphitheatre's site, which from the Greeks
Was borrow'd—when such useless blood was spilt,
Where once the Roman dwelt, and which was built
By him, the cruel one. Thou, Syracuse,
Wert once more populous, more pow'r didst use,

Than all the rest of Sicily combin'd ;
Yet mortals' rage, and wasting time could find
No pity or compassion, for thy lot
Was like all earthly things,—to be forgot.
All that has been, must surely have an end ;
From this, no human pow'r can defend.
Thou wouldst have fallen, hadst thou stood among
Rocks fenc'd with rocks, imperishably strong :
Although the first, the mightiest power in Greece
Work'd out thy doom, with hate that would not cease.
What once has pass'd within thy walls, my view
Recalls once more, and it is seen anew ;
My recollection calls the past to life,
My thoughts with earliest times and years is rife.
I think how bravest Gelon did the land
As hero, and as father, once command ;
Timoleon's,—Dion's government I view,
Whose kindly rule to glorious freedom grew.
Then Dionysius' rage I call to mind,
To whom Agathocles may well be join'd :—
Misfortunes last, nor quickly pass away,
Good fortune is the offspring of a day.—

The conduct Hiero pursued with Rome—
With that in fair comparison may come,
What many princes, in Napoleon's time,
Have undertaken in that beauteous clime.
'Twas doom'd that Syracuse should conquer'd fall,
This was the fate too, of the princes all.
Rome rul'd for many years, but this was not
To be the once renown'd Napoleon's lot.
Man's foresight has not Europe sav'd, but led
To fierce destruction's precipices dread :
God can alone a saving pow'r impart,
He can the head enrich, improve the heart.

ELEGY V.

TAORMINA.

HERE silence long has reign'd ; for cent'ries long,
No buskin'd hero has the wond'ring throng
Sought to amuse : the sock and mask, no more
Their mimic pow'r exert upon this shore :
Thou, theatre of Tauromenium ! wert
Esteem'd the largest, and dost now revert
To Time, Time's spoil.—The actor treads the stage,
Then quickly leaves the short and pictur'd page.
What is the world ? a theatre at best,
Whereon we neither find repose nor rest.
Thou ancient building ! as thy native land,
Which once has seen so many an action grand,
Hast felt the wasting hand of fleeting time,
And seen destruction hov'ring o'er the clime ;

Where once so many thousands sate delighted,
Time hovers o'er thy walls, now lone and blighted.
And thou canst represent what on thee oft
Was shown, man's thoughts and hopes to raise aloft :
Thou showest earthly things will pass away,
Still subject unto ruin and decay ;
Above th' abodes of man, thus lofty rais'd,—
Thou showest how the Muse's son is prais'd
Above his peers. Here Sophocles could still
The sorrows of his fellows, and could fill
Their minds with holy thoughts; then could they pray,
And piously God's sacred will obey ;
Thus from material death, their souls were torn,
And to the high and heav'nly regions borne.

ELEGY VI.

PALERMO.

How brightly glow the air, the sea, and sky,
The mead, the fields, the whole of Sicily !
Before all others is this island blest,
The azure heavens o'er it ever rest :
Before our eyes the endless ocean rolls,
Type of the past to meditative souls.
But now the sight's impeded by yon hill,
Where once was station'd saint Rosalia's cell :
Yes ; on that mount which rises from the flood,
Dwelt once conceal'd, one who was truly good :
Near to the pale and tender olive green,
Beneath the darken'd leaves, is brightly seen
Th' Hesperian fruit.—Between the rocky walls,
The eye upon a blooming pasture falls,

Until impeded by Monreal's height,
Upon whose plain there never falls a blight ;
And in the North what we can scarce obtain
By artificial heat, we here can gain
In all its swelling fulness.—Happy thou
By nature, art, above all realms below ;
But oh ! thy people are a foul disgrace
Unto the beauty of thy blooming face.
Alas ! that beauty often caus'd thy woe,
And lur'd the stranger to thy mountain-brow !
To each one thou becam'st a cruel prey,
To thee e'en pirates found a ready way.
What wert thou ? and what art thou now become ?
So fruitful once ; but now of want the home ;
Still art thou favor'd by the self-same sun,
And waitest but to have thy riches won.
Thou willingly man's labour wouldst reward,
And to his industry thy fruits afford,—
Although a veil o'er past Time's spread around,
Traces of ev'ry people still are found,
Which show the present time, that fleets so fast,
Should be enjoy'd, as it may prove our last.

In the blue vapours of the mountain, rest
Mine eyes, upon Cephalà's blooming crest.
I cannot from the rocky passes turn,
Where saint Rosalia once was wont sojourn ;
A charm rewards me as my gaze I strain,
And fills the soul with sad, yet pleasing pain ;
From the belov'd one I should scarce depart,
With greater anguish,—greater grief of heart.

TO MYSELF, WHEN KING.

BEFORE thee ever thou must look,
And never turn to what is past ;
Or else repose's quiet brook
Will flow, as dreams do, fleeting fast.

In rend'ring others happy, thou
In future years, must seek thy bliss,—
With bliss thou wilt thyself endow,
If thou canst give thy subjects this.

'Tis now too late to sow the seeds,
The gay parterre no more will bloom,
The flow'rs will be o'erwhelm'd by weeds,
And waste their sweetness and perfume.

Upon the boundless sea, the ship
Is tossing o'er the billows' foam,
In distant space she seems to dip,
And never will she find her home.

Thou to thyself art truly dead,
But still for others must thou live;
Mem'ry alone, which thou must wed,
Can all thy former comfort give.

The happy thoughts of what is gone,—
A former world that is no more,
Must in the heart be worn alone,
Heaven can in heaven the past restore.

But seldom backward turn thine eye;
For what is coming rather wait;
Thy glance must often forward hie,
If thou wouldst follow true thy fate.

THE FATE OF A KING.

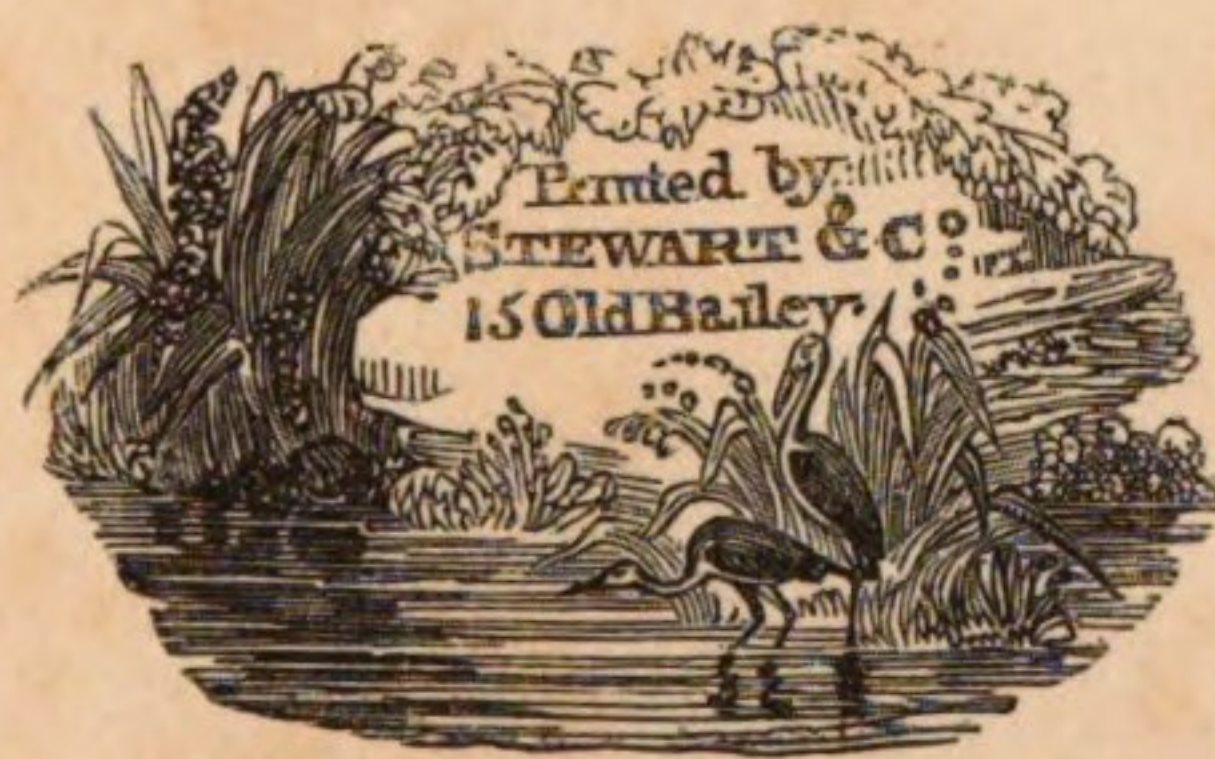
SURROUNDED by the court's restraint,
Life's pleasures are but weak and faint,
An idol mere of stone :
Enthron'd within a palace walls,
Nought on a king but sadness falls,
He ever is alone.

That which the poorest can obtain,
He on his throne can never gain,—
Unbought, sincere applause :
He slow and carefully must walk,
As on a stage must act and talk,
By artificial laws.

Each thing is measur'd, and is weigh'd,
E'en to forget he oft is made,
That he a man is born ;
Reserv'd and cold he e'er must be,
Each joy and friendship he must flee,
Exalted, and forlorn.

Wherever may his glances rest,
Slander will sure the thing infest,
Howe'er so pure ; its form
'Twill change, as Envy's will inclines,
So heav'n itself no longer shines,
When darken'd by the storm.

THE END.







Ludwig

A Selection from the Poems of His Majesty Louis the First, King of Bavaria

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